

The history

Ajax. I say the proclamation.

Ther. Thou gromblest and raylest euery houre on *Achil.*
les, and thou art as full of enuy at his greatnetie, as *Cerberus*
is at *Proserpinas* beauty, I that thou barkst at him.

Ajax. Mistres *Thersites*.

Ther. Thou shouldst strike him. *Ajax* Coblose,
Hee would punnethee into shiuers with his fist, as a sayler
breakes a bisket, you horson curre. Do? do?

Ajax. Thou stoole for a witch:

Ther. I, Do? do? thou sodden witted Lord, thou hast
no more braine then I haue in mine elbowes, an *Asinico*
may tutor thee, you scurvy valiant asse, thou art heere but to
thrash Troyans, and thou art bought and sould among those
of any wit, like a Barbarian slaue. If thou vse to beate mee I
will beginne at thy heele, and tell what thou art by ynches,
thou thing of no bowells thou.

Ajax. You dog: *Ther.* You scurvy Lord.

Ajax. You curre.

Ther. Mars his Idiot, do rudenesse, do Camel, do, do,

Achil. Why how now *Ajax* wherefore do yee thus,
How now *Thersites* whats the matter man.

Ther. You see him there? do you?

Achil. I whats the matter. *Ther.* Nay looke vpon him.

Achil. So I do, whats the matter?

Ther. Nay but regard him well.

Achil. Well, why so I do.

Ther. But yet you looke not well vpon him, for who some
euer you take him to be he is *Ajax*.

Achil. I know that foole.

Ther. I but that foole knowes not himselfe.

Ajax. Therefore I beate thee.

Ther. Lo, lo, lo, lo, what modicums of wit he vtters, his eua-
sions haue eares thus long, I haue bobd his braine more then
he has beate my bones. It will buy nine sparrowes for a pen-
ny, and his *pia mater* is not worth the ninth part of a spar-
row: this Lord (*Achilles*) *Ajax*, who weares his wit in his bel-
ly, and his guts in his head, I tell you what I say of him.

Ach. What. *Ther.* I say this *Ajax*.

Achil.

of *Troilus* and *Cresseida*.

Achil. Nay good *Ajax*. *Ther.* Has not so much wit.

Achil. Nay I must hold you.

Ther. As will stop the eye of *Hellens* needle, for whom
he comes to fight. *Achil.* Peace foole?

Ther. I would haue peace and quietnesse, but the foole
will not, he there, that he: looke you there?

Ajax. Oh thou damned curre I shall ———

Achil. Will you set your wit to a fooles.

Ther. No I warrant you, the fooles will shame it.

Patro. Good words *Thersites*. *Achil.* Whats the quarrell.

Ajax. I bad the vile oule goe learne mee the tenor of the
proclamation, and he railes vpon me.

Ther. I serue thee not? *Ajax.* Well, go to, go to.

Ther. I serue here voluntary.

Achil. Your last seruice was suffrance: twas not voluntary,
no man is beaten voluntary, *Ajax* was here the voluntary,
and you as vnder an Impresse.

Ther. E'ene so, a great deale of your witte to, lies in your
finnewes, or els there bee liers, *Hector* shali haue a great
catch and knocke at either of your beains, a were as good
crack a fusty nut with no kernell.

Achil. What with me to *Thersites*.

Ther. Thers *Vlisser* and old *Nestor*, whose wit was mouldy
ere their grandsiers had nailes, yoke you like draught oxen,
and make you plough vp the wars.

Achil. What? what?

Ther. Yes good sooth to *Achilles*, to *Ajax*, to ———

Ajax. I shall cut out your tongue.

Ther. Tis no matter, I shall speake as much as thou after.

Patro. No more words *Thersites* peace. (wards.

Ther. I will hold my peace when *Achilles* brooch bids me.

Achil. There's for you *Patroclus*. (shall I?

Ther. I will see you hang'd like *Clapoles*, ere I come any
more to your tents, I will keepe where there is wit stirring,
and leaue the faction of fooles. *Exit.*

Patro. A good riddance.

Achil. Marry this fir is proclaim'd through all our holle,
That *Hector* by the first houre of the Sunne:

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Will